

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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Stopped Off at Niagara Falls.

A man, seeming about sixty years of age, was telling the people in the waiting-room at the Third Street Depot yesterday that he had been East to old Massachusetts to see his sister, and that on his way back he stopped off at Niagara Falls.

"That's the place I never saw," remarked a woman with a poke bonnet on.

"You didn't? Well, you've missed the awfulest sight on earth! I was just stunned."

"What is it like?" she asked.

"Well, there's a river, and the falls, and lots of hotels and several inns, and the bridge, and land only knows what else. If my old woman had been along she'd have wilted right down."

"There's water there, I suppose?"

"Oh, heaps of it. It pours and thunders and roars and foams and humps around in the terriblest manner. You have hit on a shirt-button in a piece of pie, haven't you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, the feeling was about the same—kinder shivers. Why, the biggest man that ever lived ain't half as big as Niagara Falls. Let him stand that and see that 'ere water tumbling over them 'ere rocks and he can't help but feel what a miserable humbug he is. You've fallen out of bed, haven't you?"

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Tobacco Pulp for Paper Making.

A new invention of great interest to paper makers and tobacco growers, and consequently of special interest to the inhabitants of Connecticut Valley, where both of these industries are prominent, is just announced from Waverly, N. Y. W. W. Bennett, of that place, having discovered a process for utilizing the hitherto useless stalks and stems of the tobacco plant as a substitute for wood pulp in the manufacture of paper. The idea is comparatively simple; and if the results are as striking as represented will prove of great value to manufacturers, the tobacco pulp, it is claimed, producing a much stronger paper than wood at a much smaller cost. Samples of paper made by this process under unfavorable conditions show comparatively few defects; and the strength is said to have been successfully tested by lifting a hundred pound boy on a single broad sheet. A great point in the manufacture of pulp is the fact that only the ordinary machinery, found in every paper mill, is required—beaters, rotors and grinding machines; while wood has to be skinned, strapped, relieved of knots and rotten parts and graded. The average quality of the wood used loses from 60 to 80 per cent. in waste, and the most expensive chemical process of producing it to pulp brings the amount of waste down only to 52 per cent. Tobacco stalk, however, reduced by a purely mechanical process to a bone-free pulp shows a waste of only 5 per cent. If the new invention proves successful, it will be hailed with delight by tobacco farmers as well as by paper-makers; for the tobacco stalk has always been a burden, good for nothing except to burn. A thousand and one unsuccessful attempts have been made to utilize it for almost every conceivable purpose, and the patent office contains the relics of numerous chimerical inventions. Now, however, the farmers can have the stalk taken off their hands, and can secure as much manure as before from the juice extracted in the process of reduction. The tobacco plant, as is known, furnishes one of the toughest of fibres. The patentee is trying to establish headquarters for the manufacture of the pulp in five or six centers of the paper and tobacco trade, including the Connecticut Valley, New York, Philadelphia, Virginia and Chicago. The idea is to let out the right of manufacturing to a single firm in a region for a royalty.—[Springfield Republican.]

During the war with the South there was a certain company of raw recruits marching rapidly to the front. Their way to the outpost led along a Virginia road which stretched over rolling country that was dotted here and there with clumps of trees. At a turning they saw ahead of them a pine grove, which grew about a hundred yards to the left of their path, but they were unaware that in its midst a squad of rebel cavalry was lying in ambush. As the company got abreast of the timber the guerrillas opened a scattering fire on their flank. It was the first time that the recruits had heard bullets slogging over their heads and moreover they had no idea that the enemy was within five miles of them, so they were uncertain how to regard this demonstration. The squad, undetermined what to do, halted; and one big German, after putting his hands to his mouth trumpet fashion, shouted toward the trees: "Scob shooting!" and then turning excitedly to the officer in command, exclaimed: "What de devil dey do about? Don't dey know dey is some people here?"

"Here, waiter," exclaimed an angry old fellow in a restaurant. "Here's a hair in this butter."

"Did you find it here?"

"Of course I found it, you black scoundrel!"

"I congratulate you, sah. You see, dat putty widdy 'eross de street said dat yer cutt' see well enough ter find a hair in de butter, but er ugly ole woman said yer couldn't, so da put a hair in de butter, sah. Tiled ter see dat yer's gained a point."

"Ah, you are a clever fellow. Here's a quarter for you!"—[Arkansas Traveler.]

A SHORE CONSUMING LOCOMOTIVE.—An engine of a novel type, designed by Charles E. Coventry, has recently been constructed by Brooks Locomotive Works for the Chicago Locomotive Improvement Company. The headlight is placed where the stack is generally, while the stack is at the rear of the boiler and close to the cab. The boiler is one of the largest manufactured (what is known as a 60 inch shell) and the smoke, gas, etc., traverse it twice, along the bottom and over back on top to the stack. This makes such a good combustion that the finer particles of fuel, the gas and the smoke are almost entirely consumed and when the engine is going at full speed it is impossible to see any smoke. The smoke stack itself is very small, being not more than seven or eight inches in diameter. Among the advantages of this invention it is said it gets a steady, even draught, reduces the waste of fuel to a minimum and throws no cinders, sparks or fire. The locomotive is peculiar in appearance, but it is said that it does its work well. It weighs 40 tons.

MICROBOTS & STAGG.

The Prunists, who are always looking after the interest of their customers, have now secured the sale of Dr. Rosank's Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Colds, Pains in the chest, and all Lung Affections. For proof Coughs, try a few sample bottles. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

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The Strongest Document Yet.

The severest criticism ever written of a public man in the United States is that which is contained in the brief but significant letter from the widow of the late U. S. Senator Morrill, of Maine, addressed to the chairman of the republican State committee of Ohio. The chairman of that committee, unmindful of the fact that the late Senator had been dead nearly eighteen months, addressed to him a letter soliciting his aid in the Ohio campaign in support of Mr. Blaine. The widow of the deceased statesman replied to this solicitation in the following terms:

"I am in mourning for my husband; but, as much as I mourn his death, I thank my Father in heaven that he called him home before the party he loved so well and did so much for had so disgraced itself as to nominate so wicked and corrupt a man for the highest office within the gift of the American people, as I know and my husband knew James G. Blaine to be. If he were alive he would not support Mr. Blaine, or any such man, even at the bidding of his party. CHARLOTTE MORRILL.

As a campaign document, the foregoing short letter can hardly be surpassed. It is unmistakable in language and in spirit. It possesses a thrilling effect. It is equal to a voice of warning to the country from the very grave of Senator Morrill, whose pure character and conscientious convictions were never impugned by even his most implacable political foes. It will be difficult for any republican orator to answer Mrs. Morrill.—[Sunday Argus.]

Tattooing the Girls.

Tattooing ink is rather expensive. One of those little sticks of India ink costs me \$3.25; but then I can do \$1.00 worth of work with it so you see it don't come to so much after all. Yes, they are the only colors I use, red and blue. The black ink gets blue when I put it under the skin. Of course, I can't give any particular color to a girl's eyes and cheeks, but I come near enough to it to please my customers, and you would be surprised to learn what different kind of customers we have. Many is the time I've had two sisters looking out of the window watching for their mother and father while I was busy tattooing the third sister. I get at least a dozen jobs of that kind in a year, and sometimes more, and from ladies, too, that live up town on the avenues. What they ask for most frequently is to have some name tattooed where it can't be seen in ball costume, and the design most in demand is a garter, with the name of a gentleman, or his name worked in as a clasp. Some of them want a necklace tattooed around their necks. But I always advise them against it, because they are sure to wish it were off some day, and of course, once on, it's got to stay there while the skin does.—[New York Sun.]

FALL STYLES FOR MEN.—The fashion for men's clothing does not show any very radical changes as to cutting. The time-honored Prince Albert appears of medium length. Cutaway coats are to be worn with one to five buttons, according to the wearer's taste. The one-button cutaway is now a standard coat. The five-button cutaway is the latest.

Fall overcoats are to be single breasted, dyed and lined with silk, cut with long front.

For materials, plaids, checks, stripes and suitings are to be in demand. Some of the plaids shown are rather large and some of the stripes rather wide, but most of the patterns are more subdued.

The principal novelty in men's goods is a very fine diagonal for dress coats. It was introduced last season. It was found to be an effective way of spotting the old dress coats, which can not now be laid by and worn a series of years without detection. The new material is found to be lighter and more elastic and as neat as the traditional broadcloth. It may be put down as settled that broadcloth for dress coats is doomed.

Vests are to be cut single-breasted, high with no collar.

Fronts are to be cut larger in the legs than last season, almost straight, with two tons neither large nor small, but medium.—[N. Y. Sun.]

"I say, mister, did you see a dog come by here that looked as if he were a year or a year and a half or two years old?" said a yankee gentleman to a countryman at the roadside.

"Yes," said the countryman, thinking himself quizzed; "he passed an hour or an hour and a half or two hours ago, and is a mile or a mile and a half or two miles ahead; he had a tail an inch or an inch and a half or two inches long."

"That will do," said the gentleman; "you're ahead of me a foot or a foot and a half or two feet."

In New York a bachelor can live on \$1,500 a year; if he marries his annual expenses become \$3,500. As most of the bachelors don't have \$3,500, they get gloomy and go it alone.

George Washington would not have gone to a dentist, as Mr. Arthur did. He would have tied a string around the tooth and yanked it out himself.

THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST

to Colorado or New Mexico, for pure air and better consumption, is all a mistake. Any reasonable man would see that Rosank's Cough and Lung Syrup for Consumption is all his first choice. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Pains in the chest and all affections that are considered primary to Consumption. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

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She Had Never Bathed Before.

The human form divine is not often seen to perfection on the beach, and the bathing dress is seldom an adornment. No little trouble some bathers have taken to array themselves with an eye to startling effects, and they have generally sacrificed the material to the effect. As a rule the costumes look like those worn by ballet girls at rehearsals, and modest, so far as a bathing dress can be modest. But few even then have the modesty of Mme. Taglion, who who said to one of her admirers when he asked that she should shorten her dress "just a little": "Signor, I do not dance for men; I dance for wives and daughters." One fair maid, blessed by nature with a beautiful figure, appeared a few days ago in a light suit of white flannel, blue silk stockings, with sandals to match. About her neck she wore a red silk handkerchief, with the point hanging down at the back; on her head a little pointed cap of red silk. As she ran along the sand, she looked so fair and beautiful that men and women cried out, "Oh, look at the lovely creature!" She made but one mistake and that was—she went into the water: for when she came out the white flannel clung to her like tissue paper, and the women said, turning their eyes away: "Did you ever see anything like that before?" Later in the day some one asked her if she did not know what would happen to so light a material, to which she replied: "I live in St. Louis and I have never bathed, except in a bathtub." Sweet simplicity.—[Narragansett Correspondence Telegram.]

A few weeks since the Times published a monthly statement from Rev. Lansing Burrows, a great Baptist divine of Augusta, Ga., in which he gave the reasons, from a christian standpoint, why he would support Mr. Cleveland. Bishop Huntington, of Syracuse, a great light of his church, says of the democratic candidate: "His public life has been trustworthy, upright and manly. He is a man of honor and there is much in his public career to admire."

Looking upon the sexual scandal concerning Governor Cleveland's private life, Bishop Huntington said, with emphasis: "Believing, as I do, that this is a thing of the past and no part of his present character, I shall certainly vote for him. Until I came into the State I never heard about this scandal. He does not look with complacency on the past and is not living as a dissolute man. According to the christianity which I teach, we are to forgive, and as I understand that he is living an honorable life in the present, I see no reason why I should not cast my vote for the reform Governor, Grover Cleveland."

Burning camphor gum is said to disperse mosquitoes.

You Can Have It.

"My dear what would I give to have your hair!" is often said by middle aged ladies to young ones. Modern, you may have just such hair. Parker's Hair Balsam will give it to you. It will stop your hair from falling off, restore the original color and make it long, thick, soft and glossy. You need not stand helplessly envying the girls. The Balsam is not only, not a dye, but is an elegant dressing and is especially recommended for cleanliness and purity.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchal's Indian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure no pay. Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Catarrh and Female Remedy, for Catarrh, Discharges, such as ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irritability, Barrenness, Change of life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses, resulting from the above, like Headache, Brains, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Discharge in the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchal, 110 N. Y. for pamphlet free.

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New Store!

I have just opened on Depot street a full line of

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

ELECTORS—FOR STATE AT-LARGE,
BEN S. HODGINS,
W. B. FLEMING.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.
First—John Boyd, of McCracken County.
Second—Cromwell Adams, of Union County.
Third—John S. Rhea, of Logan County.
Fourth—Sam B. Berry, of Marion County.
Fifth—J. P. Ballitt, Jr., of Johnson County.
Sixth—Leslie T. Applegate, of Pendleton County.
Seventh—T. J. Julian, of Franklin County.
Eighth—O. N. Ballinger, of Shelby County.
Ninth—S. S. Savage, of Boyd County.
Tenth—John P. Ballinger, of Morgan County.
Eleventh—William H. Hurd, of Adair County.

FOR CONGRESS,
GOV. JAMES B. MCCREARY,
OF MARYLAND.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Cholera is not increasing in Europe.
A terrible flood prevails near Geron, in Spain causing loss of life.
John G. Carlisle was nominated by acclamation at Falmouth Tuesday.
France refuses to accept the mediation of any foreign power and will fight China.
Harris's speeches in Indiana are said to have united the Germans against Blaine.
Senator Voorhees received for 15,000 majority for the democratic ticket in Indiana.
A Croup, of McPherson, Kan., killed his brother yesterday for the seduction of Croup's daughter.
Hon. E. T. Lillard, of Nicholasville, was held for indecently assaulting Nannie Ruse, the 14 year old girl.
Several hundred thousand people witnessed the grand pageant of Cincinnati and the spectacle was very grand.
Georgia, Ohio and West Virginia will vote in October for State officers and Legislatures, and the last two for Congressmen also.
The boiler at the cotton compress at Bufala, Ala., exploded. The building and 300 bales of cotton were consumed; 25 or 30 persons were killed.
William Seacey who was wanted for the murder of two men in Nelson county, refused to surrender to a sheriff's posse and was shot to death.
A warrant was issued for the arrest of W. J. Duncan, late cashier of the Louisville Banking Company, charging the embezzlement of \$48,000.
Crops in the northwest have been greatly damaged by the unusually cold weather. Five inches of snow fell at Moncton, N. B., on Sunday.
The Boston Globe and other republican papers are demanding that Blaine withdraw from the ticket and account for the Mulligan letters just made public.
Capt. Barry Smith, Warden of the Kentucky penitentiary, was removed from the position and Captain Edmund H. Taylor was appointed to fill the vacancy.
A "Life of Grover Cleveland" has been issued from the press in Cincinnati, being a pamphlet of 200 blank pages. The same senseless business was worked on Hancock.
While Patav Skyles was hunting squirrels near Louisville, Ky., he used the butt of his gun to punch at a squirrel in a hole. His remains were taken to Ashland.
In Pikeville, Warren county, Ky., a lot of scoundrels were in a church where night services were being held and cut to pieces every bible, sabbath and hymn on the ground.
The Federation of Labor has rescinded the resolutions adopted some time ago by getting Cleveland out of the unit of his votes of bills claimed to be in the interest of workmen.
Arkansas: ex-slaves both Maine and Vermont, with room to spare. Vermont gives a republican majority of 22,400; Maine gives a republican majority of 20,230; both together 42,630. Arkansas gives a democratic majority of 14,138, making Arkansas ahead of both 1,300—[St. Louis Republic].
The democracy of Louisville held a monster enthusiastic ratification meeting at Liederknauz Hall Tuesday night. Addresses made by Hon. E. J. McDermott, Ben S. R. Bains and Senator-elect Joe S. Blackburn. Cleveland was referred to as Tilden's political heir and the election of the democratic ticket preferred.
Speaking of Blaine's Mulligan letters the N. Y. Herald says that "while perverting to the use of repudiation schemes an official authority bestowed in the interest of the people, Blaine once descended to the infinite meanness of cheating right and left his confederate chestnuts, playing pitifully sharp games upon those friends in Maine who, having confidence in him, put their money through him into what he praised as a good investment."
The Court of Appeals affirmed the decision of the Jefferson circuit court in the case of George Levi, ex-Chief of the Louisville Fire Department who was convicted or making false entries on the city tax books of Louisville and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. Levi was connected with David Ferguson and Cope Snapp in robbing the city of about \$150,000, but Levi, he is claimed, was the least guilty of the three. Ferguson was pardoned by Gov. Blackburn after serving only three months of a five-year sentence in prison and Snapp, although convicted, managed to escape the clutches of the law, the Supreme Court holding in substance that his offense was only a breach of trust.

The Official vote.
The vote of the candidates, as counted by the district committee at Nicholasville Tuesday, is follows:

COUNTIES.	DEMOCRATIC	REPUBLICAN	THOMPSON
Anderson	418	205	435
Boyle	85	100	210
Boyd	378	254	269
Boyle	302	9	47
Boyle	186	9	121
Boyle	601	68	53
Boyle	612	534	233
Boyle	464	19	108
Boyle	243	10	97
Boyle	534	317	187
Boyle	188	875	1664
Boyle	208	244	867
Boyle	777	659	618
Totals	7,099	3,849	4,375

It will thus be seen that McCreary beat Thompson 3,221 and Durham 3,259. Thompson beats Durham 526, but he would not have done so by a jug full had the fair thing been done in Mercer.
The committee declared Gov. McCreary the nominee and also recommended Joe A. Cohen as candidate for Member of Board of Equalization, he having received the largest vote cast in that race.
A little girl of three explained the Golden Rule to her sister after this fashion: "It means that you must do everything that I want you to do, and you mustn't do anything that I don't want you to." And that is precisely the explanation that many older people give.
A HARBOR DEATH.—"Did the remains indicate in any way that the man died hard?" asked the coroner.
"Yes sir."
"You noted signs of a struggle, did you—something tending to show that the poor fellow defended himself?"
"No sir."
"What reason then have you for thinking that the man died hard?"
"Because when I found him he was frozen solid."
BUSINESS IS DULL.—A country merchant caught a thief going through his cash drawer.
"Hello there," he sang out, "what do you want in that drawer?"
"Oh, nothing," said the man, sheepishly backing off and trying to get away.
"Well, don't let me disturb you. Just go right ahead; you'll find exactly what you say you want. I've found the same thing there for the past six weeks."—[Merchant Traveler].
A GREAT DODGER.—James G. Blaine is the great dodger; not the artful dodger, but the great dodger, the constant dodger.
He began dodging when he dropped his own religion and assumed another, some 25 years ago and he has been dodging ever since. Looking back a decade or more we find him jumping out of a window of the Capitol to avoid a fellow Congressman with whom he had broken faith.
A little later he is seen dodging responsibility in the Credit Mobilier swindle and two or three years after that he performs his great feat of the knee-drill before Mr. Mulligan, secures letters under a promise of return and dodges his word.
Then came the sun stroke dodge, supplemented in a brief three weeks by his colossal dodge from the House to the Senate to avoid the impending blow of an investigation.
And thus he has been dodging all his life.
Yesterday he renewed his old game and under the prettiest, most amusing and most contemptible dodge of all. When he went to the polls he didn't go like a man and vote the whole ticket. He voted for Governor and on the question of prohibition he dodged. He dared do neither one thing nor the other. He had not the courage to face the women and not vote, so he waited until the last minute, after the temperance women had left the polls, and then—dodged!
He can't dodge the Cleveland avalanche in November.—[Boston Globe].
Ireland pays eight million per annum in taxes to England.
SWITZERLAND.
AS SEEN BY GEO. O. BARNES
'PRAISE THE LORD'
4 PARK TERRACE, HIGHTGATE, LONDON, N. July 26th 1884.
Dear Interior: (Continued from last issue)
A fitting terminus to our Swiss journey is at Geisbach, where a glorious cascade leaps at 20 bounds down a mountain side of 5,000 feet. The hotel is one-third of the way up in front of the falls, giving you two-thirds of them at one view. Again, most indescribable beauties mock the pen and tongue. We spent an hour or two here and then turned homeward.
Here also I invested in an Alpenstock as a memento of the Swiss tour and Geisbach in particular; which, before dismissing, I may as well state was the cause of more anxiety and annoyance than I dreamed of when I bought it. It was very clean, long and straight, with a spike of peculiar brightness at the lower point. In fact it was exactly like a new rake handle, with a spike and broad ferule at one end. This, I undertook to land in London. Had it been a battered staff with blunted point, I had not come to grief. But it was so startlingly clean and new and the steel so evidently untarnished, that my fellow travelers from Geisbach to Neuchatel turned and took a second look at me and it then away with a suppressed titter, or broad grin. If of the vulgar, or covert smile, if well-bred. At Neuchatel I determined to endure it no longer, but carefully wrapped my obnoxious staff in newspapers from "read to read," sheathing the spike in a large cork; and tying it with such a complication of strings as thoroughly to baffle curiosity. Then I had my revenge, if it was abridgment.

How many longing looks trying to solve the riddle I intercepted; how many inquisitive glances never to be satisfied, I detected and gloated over; how many male and female wondering stares I secretly chuckled at that said as plainly as eyes could speak, "whatever has he in that parcel?" I kept my counsel. No French custom-house officer, nor English ditto, nor hotel keeper, nor restaurant waiter ever found out what I was carrying so carefully. When I landed at 4 Park Terrace, I "undid" my package. It stands in its place, as clean and bright as when I bought it—a pleasant memento of delightful journey to the land of Alpenstocks. "Revenge is sweet"—of this innocent order.
We flew when we set our faces homeward. Sailing up Lake Thun we got our first grand view of an Alpine snowy range. Hitherto we had only seen isolated peaks, but here and until we left Switzerland we had the glorious chain of spotless white constantly in view. At Neuchatel we could see the whole stretch of the Alps from Mt. Blanc on the right to Matterhorn on the left. To my taste the Blumless peak is the symmetrical of all. Mont Blanc is king, of course. And Jungfrau queen. The Matterhorn is a terrible peak, as also the Wetterhorn. But I should not like to climb any of them. I am content with honest terra firma and hanker not after glaziers and such like, as when a younger man.
This unbroken view of the whole range one gets at NEUCHATEL.
This was the last city we visited. An hour and a quarter by rail and you strike Pontarlier, on French soil. We were in Neuchatel about 10 hours, which we spent by the placid lakeside, looking and looking at the snowy Alps. It is wonderful how they so fill the eye, that it is unpeppably restful to look at them by the hour. The weather was perfect and on a comfortable settee under the shade of the great horse chestnut we sat dreamingly gazing upon the distant snow mountains, or watching the fishing or pleasure boats upon the smooth surface of the beautiful Lake Neuchatel. It was a fitting close to our peaceful and refreshing ramble in Switzerland; and like the dear LORD'S love to send us off home with such a charming final remembrance.
By express from Neuchatel to Paris in a night. Another delightful day in the beautiful capital, spent in most active sight-seeing and then a run by night to Dieppe. We boarded our old friend, the Paris, at that port at 1 A. M. of the 25th, and with a crowded cabin, rough sea and fellow passengers fearfully sick, had a second taste of the English Channel, very different from the first. As soon as our little steamer stuck its nose out of Dieppe harbor the waves caught her as if they had been lying in wait, and snatched at and tossed her in such a demonical fashion that the poor wretches in the cabin succumbed at once, and seen the retchings below responded to the howl of the gale above; and this duet lasted the voyage out. Ever anon a thumping wave would strike the vessel's side and then the fierce swish that told of a deck doiled from stem to stern, gave a nautical variety to the night's experience that we "old salts" were quite familiar with. By trusting, with both eyes fast shut and hugging the hard pillows closely, Vernon and I both escaped nausea, and the contents of our respective stomachs remained where they were. Once we were well high undone. Hearing that New Haven harbor was just about to be entered, we incautiously sprang up and ran on deck, but ran down again with increased speed, as one sight of heavy seas, set us to vomiting in instant. Happily we reached our bolder in time to arrest calamity, where we lay with closed eyes until we felt from the ever keeled motion of the Paris that we were in port. Then we got out of her as soon as the customs authorities would let us. Only in New Haven was there a sharp inspection of baggage—the dynamitards having made it unpleasant for honest travelers. I wonder they let my Alpenstock through without examination and unwrapping. But they did. Our tickets called for Brighton and we thought we might as well get all we could out of them. So we ran down to the famous watering place, had a delicious wash with clean towels at the Kation, talked English with an abandon of enjoyment that can only be appreciated by one who has been "muzzled" for a month on the continent; called Brighton for an hour and a half, seeing it as much as we wished. Then we dined at the station on a real British basin—the first thorough meal such as we had been used to since leaving old England. No more omelet nor *café au lait*, with a yard of narrow bread to horrify; but a wholesome cut of roast beef for Vernon and ditto of mutton for self; vegetables galore; and an appetite sharpened by a month of abstinence from victuals we delighted in. Didn't we pitch in? It is one of the sensual memories of my life—that "square meal" at Brighton.
Home again! Praise the LORD! Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.
To Whom it May Concern.
R. C. Bradley, of Stanford, gave me a check for \$20 on the Farmers National Bank of Stanford, which bank refused to honor, owing to some misunderstanding. The report that Mr. Bradley was arrested is not true and does him an injustice. The check was satisfactorily adjusted by Mr. Bradley as soon as he was advised, and his actions in this matter have been that of a perfect gentleman. Respectfully,
E. FISHBACK, R. R. Agt.
When inquired of by telegram by Mr. Fishback as to whether or not Mr. Bradley's check was good, owing to a misunderstanding as to another supposed check, I answered that it was not good. But when the check was properly presented for payment, it was promptly paid by the bank.
W. M. BRIGHT,
Teller Farmers Nat. Bank.

To CALCULATE INTEREST.—To calculate interest at 6, 7, 8 and 10 per cent. per annum:
Rule—When the rate is 6 per cent., multiply principal by number of days and divide by 6,083.
Rule—When rate is 7 per cent., multiply principal by number of days and divide by 5,214.
Rule—Where rate is 8 per cent., multiply principal by number of days and divide by 4,563.
Rule—When rate is 9 per cent., multiply as above and divide by 4,055.
Rule—When rate is 10 per cent., multiply as above and divide by 3,650.
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